

# Eminem - Drips Lyrics

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Obie, yo I'm sick  
Damn, you straight dog?

That's why I ain't got no time  
For these games and stupid tricks  
All these bitches on my dick  
That's how dudes be getting sick  
That's how dicks' be getting drips  
Falling victim's to this shit  
From these bitches on our dicks  
Fucking chickens with no ribs  
That's why I ain't got no time

Yo, I woke up, fucked up off the liquor I drunk  
I hadda bag of the skunk, one and last night's tunk  
Pussy residue was on my penis, Denise, from the cleaners  
Fucked me good, you should've seen us  
Big booty bitch, switch unbearable  
French role styling, body like a stallion  
Sizing up the figure, while my shit gettin' bigger  
Debating on to fuck her, do I wanna be a nigga

Caressing this bitch, plus I'm checking out them tits  
Sipping on that fine shit, I ain't use to buying  
I gotta hit it from behind, it's mandatory  
Like taking ho's money, but that's another story  
For surely your pussy on toast, after we toast  
Our clothes fell like bishop and juice  
The womb beater, clean pussy eater, inserting my john  
In that spot hotter than the hottest block, don't stop

Response I got when I was knocking it  
Clocks steading ticking, kinky finger licking  
The cannon, seen us at my temple when she moans  
I gotta slow down before I cum soon  
And work that nigga, like a slave owner  
When I dropped off my outfit, she knew I wanted to bone her  
She foaming at the lips, the ones between the hips  
Pubic hair's looking like some sour cream dip

Without the nacho, my dick hit the spot though  
Pussy tighter than conditions of his black folks  
Being a vinyl stretched, the last part of sex  
I bust a fat ass nut then I woke up next  
Like, what the fuck is going on here?  
This bitch evaporated, pussy and all just picked up and vacated  
And now I'm frustrated 'cause my dick was unprotected

And doctor Wesley telling me I ain't really got that shit, fuck

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Now I don't wanna hit no women when this chicks got it coming  
Someone better get this bitch before she gets kicked in the stomach  
And she's pregnant, but she's egging me on, begging me to throw her  
Off the steps on this porch, my only weapon is force  
And I don't wanna resort to violence of any sort  
But whys she shoving me for doesn't she love me no more?  
Wasn't she hugging me four minutes ago at the door?

Man I'm this close to going toe to toe with this whore  
What would you do if she was telling you she wants a divorce  
She's having another baby in a month and it's yours  
And you found it isn't 'cause this bitch has been visiting  
Someone else and sucking his dick and kissing you on the lips  
When you get back to Michigan, now the plot has thickened 'n worse  
'Cause you feel like you've been sticking your fucking dick in a horse

So you're paranoid at every little cold that you get  
Ever since they sold you this shit, you've been holding your dick  
So you go to the clinic, sweating every minute you're in it  
Then the doctor comes out looking like Dennis the menace  
And it's obvious to everyone in the lobby, it's AIDS  
He ain't even gotta to call in you the office to say it  
So you jet back home, 'cause you gone get that ho

When you see her, you're gonna bend her fucking neck back yo  
'Cause you love her, you never would've expect that blow  
Obie told you to scoop, how could she stoop that low?  
Jesus, I don't believe this bitch works at the cleaner's  
Bringing me home diseases swinging from Obie's penis  
She's so deceiving, shit this ho's a genius, she geed us

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I'm busy, yeah, fuck these bitches  
Fuck em all, get money  
Ha, shady records  
Wow, Obie Trice  
Eminem mother fucker  
New millennium shit, yeah  
Turn this shit off, turn this shit the fuck off